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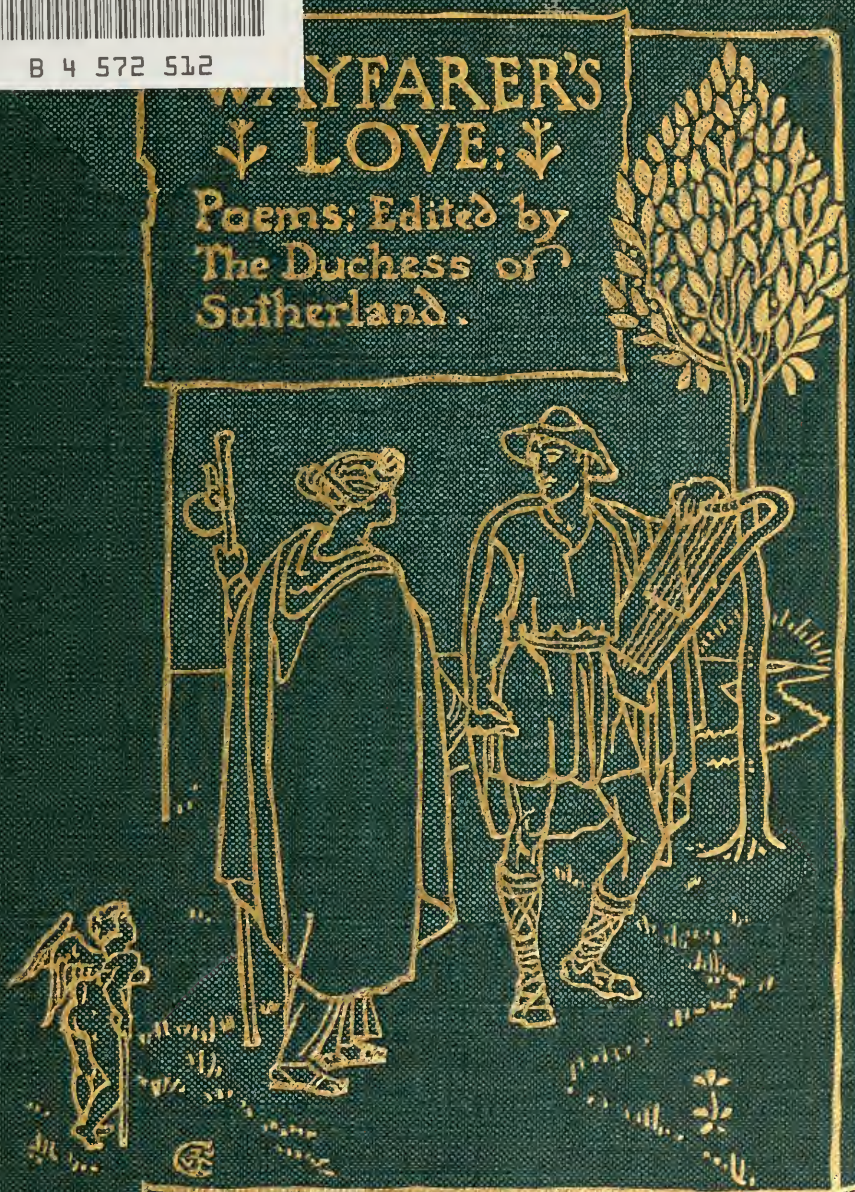
WAYFARER'S LOVE:

Poems: Edited by The Duchess of Sutherland.



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WAYFARER'S LOVE.

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The Cripples' Guild

Wilson Street

WAYFARER'S LOVE

CONTRIBUTIONS FROM LIVING POETS

EDITED BY

THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.

COVER DESIGN BY MR. WALTER CRANE.

"Let me take your hand for love and sing you a song, said the other traveller—the journey is a hard journey, but if we hold together in the morning and in the evening, what matter if in the hours between there is sorrow."

Old Tale.

Westminster

ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE & CO., LTD.

1904

DEDICATION.

To the Wayfarers—to the laurel crowned, singing at the shrine of fellowship; to the poor whose cause, in tears and laughter, is sung to all the world.

Cum illis omnibus sit Deus pacis.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE POTTERIES AND NEWCASTLE CRIPPLES' GUILD was founded some three years ago in those towns of North Staffordshire in which the manufacture of china and earthenware chiefly occupies the people.

Instituted for the purpose of giving employment to crippled children, now some 300 in number, it aims at developing their artistic instincts and aptitudes and at teaching them, sorely handicapped as they are, how to lead happy useful lives, rather than to look for and lean upon charitable relief as the only mitigation of their sufferings. The experiment is already more than justified. Children whose lives would otherwise be darkened by constant inability to compete with their more fortunate fellows, but whose souls are now unfettered by their physical sufferings,—are at work copying flowers from nature in close imitation of their natural forms and colours, designing and beating metal work, executing

enamels, and carrying on the trade of printers, in a manner to satisfy the criticism of experts. In these children is born and brought to perfection the delight of craftsmanship. To them the discovery of their powers is something new and wonderful,—to them the work they are engaged upon is the expression of their lives.

As the skill of the members of the Guild increased, it became an ambition to undertake not only "commercial" printing but to prove their skill by producing a fine edition of some work of literary value. The idea very soon took definite shape, and I turned to the Poets, begging them to contribute to a volume which the Guild should print. No human convention has forged the link which binds artists together. Answers to my request came fast, and few indeed were those who did not respond with promises of aid. Mr. George Meredith has given us his blessing. Mr. Swinburne was, alas! too ill to contribute. Mr. Rudyard Kipling was unable to do so, but the pages filled up rapidly and "Wayfarer's Love" is now before the reading world.

Apart from the intrinsic literary value of the poems contained in this book, I would ask the public to recognise that those who have contributed have

done so without other remuneration than the knowledge that the money accruing from each copy sold, enables more little cripples to be brought into the workshops, helps to bring comfort to many sad homes, and turns the thoughts and energies of the workers in the Guild to those interests which tend most to the development of life and character.

Well may the crippled craftsmen in their success as printers and in their gratitude to the poets who have so generously contributed, sing with the greatest of all poets—"He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth the needy out of the dunghill; that He may set him with princes, even with the princes of his people."

MILLICENT SUTHERLAND,
President,
Potteries and Newcastle Cripples' Guild.

PENSÉE.

Notre cœur est la cathédrale qui recueille toutes les souffrances;
Et qui en fait un hymne harmonieux qui parait paisible.

Elizabeth, Queen of Roumania.
"CARMEN SYLVA."

THE CRIPPLES' GUILD.

Where no light of summer shone
By the floods of Babylon,
They sat down and wept, alone;

Sobbing in the squalid shade
O'er the ruins life had made,
Sobbing, utterly dismayed;

Listening to the wind that saith,—
Piping with a hollow breath,—
"Who may loose this body of death?"

Then within that shrouded sky
Love's clear crystal flashed on high;
Voices rang "Ye shall not die!"

Hope, by morning breezes fanned,
Waved her clarion in her hand,
Blew evangel through the land;

Melted with her smile the snows;
Clothed the desert with her rose;
Flushed the stream that brightlier flows;

Dried the tears that dropped like rain
On pale folded hands in vain;
Soothed the wild heart's fluttering strain;

Gave the untended fingers will
For the work that comforts ill;
Proved the useless useful still.

THE CRIPPLES' GUILD.

And the life that was so dark
Has a rapture now, and, hark!—
Song is soaring like the lark!

Colour wakens in the grass,
And the river shines like glass,
And the moods of languor pass,

And the world that sobbed for grief,
And the thin hours, bald and brief,
Smile in long and fond relief.

Edmund Gosse.

LIFE'S OPPORTUNITY.

I rose at night, and visited
    The Cave of the Unborn:
And crowding shapes surrounded me
For tidings of the life to be—
Long having prayed the silent Head
    To speed its advent morn.

Their eyes were lit with artless trust,
    Hope thrilled their every tone;
"A scene the loveliest, is it not?
A pure delight, a beauty-spot
Where all is gentle, true, and just,
    And darkness is unknown?"

My heart was anguished for their sake,
    I could not frame a word;
And they descried my sunken face,
And seemed to read therein and trace
The news that pity would not break,
    Nor truth leave unaverred.

A voice like Ocean's caught afar
    Rolled forth on them and me:—
"For Lovingkindness life supplies
A scope superber than the skies.
So ask no more. Life's gladdening-star
    In Lovingkindness see."

Thomas Hardy.

"SURGE, ET AMBULA."

"Arise, and walk"—the One Voice said;
  And lo! the sinews shrunk and dry
  Loosed, and the cripple leaped on high,
Wondering, and bare aloft his bed.

The Age of Miracle is fled:
Who to the halt to-day shall cry—
        "Arise, and walk!"

Yet though The Power to raise the dead
  Treads earth no more, we still may try
  To smooth the couch where sick men lie,
Whispering—to hopeless heart and head—
        "Arise, and walk!"

Austin Dobson.

KINDNESS.

Of the beauty of kindness I speak,
  Of a smile, of a charm,
On the face it is pleasure to meet,
  That gives no alarm,

Of the soul which absorbeth itself
  In discovering good,
Of the power which outlasts health,
  As the spell of a wood

Outlasts the sad fall of the leaves,
  And in winter is fine,
And from snow and from frost receives
  A garment divine.

Oh! well may the lark sing of this,
  As through rents of huge cloud
He broacheth blue gulfs that are bliss,
  For they make his heart proud

With the power of wings deployed
  In delightfullest air;
Even such among things enjoyed
  Is kindness rare:

For even the weak with surprise
  Spread wings, utter song;
They can launch—in this blue they can rise,
  In this kindness are strong—

KINDNESS.

They can launch like a ship into calm,
  That was penned up by storm,
That sails for the islands of balm
  Luxuriant and warm.

T. Sturge Moore.

ROUMANIAN CRADLE-SONG

(Folklore).

Sleep, my darling, may'st thou see,
In thy dreams a stately tree;
May'st thou hear a heavenly dove
Sing of peace, of truth and love.
May'st thou soar on clouds afar,
Dancing with a swift young star.

May'st thou twist the sun's long hair
Round thine arms and neck so fair;
May'st thou glide across the air
In the white moon's silver chair,
While I sit by thee and spin;
While the autumn leaves blow in,
And the Church-bells whisper mild:
"Pray, fond mother, for thy child
"That his life and heart may be
"Straight and strong as a green tree."

Arranged by *Helene Vacaresco.*

ARISTŒUS' SONG

(FROM THE *ORFEO* OF POLITIAN).

Ye woods and woody places, if I lament,
'Tis that my lovely fair will not relent.

My fair is deaf to all my spoken woe,
Nor ever mellow pipe may soften her;
So with bowed heads my hornéd cattle go,
Disdain sweet water, and its harbinger,
The greener flood of meadow grass—so clear
Their master's anguish works their dreariment.

Ye woods and woody places, if we lament,
'Tis that our lovely fair will not relent.

How hardly doth the shepherd tend his flock,
The nymph disdainful tendeth not to him;
But sets her heart as flinty as a rock—
A rock! 'Tis adamant, and iron-grim.
He seeketh, she flieth ever, fleet of limb
As leaping hind that dreads the wolf's intent.

Ah, woods and woody places, if I lament,
Shall not in time my lovely fair relent?

Tell her, O reed of mine, as light she flies,
So quickly fly both youth and beauty too;
Tell her that Time hath no benignities,
And what we lose we never can renew;
Tell her to husband beauty ere she rue;
Tell her that roses die and violets faint.

Ah, woods and woody places! This lament
Should make my lovely fair wise to relent.

ARISTŒUS' SONG

(FROM THE *ORFEO* OF POLITIAN).

Haste to her, winds, with this my languid verse,
Carry it to her, lay it in the shell
Of her small ear; tell her I waste in tears;
Pray her be kind, and all shall yet be well.
Say that I die; bid her revoke the spell
That wastes me, as hoar-frost by sun is spent.

Then, woods and woody places, my lament
Shall cease, so once my lovely fair relent!

Maurice Hewlett.

From "LA PRINCESSE LOINTAINE."

His is but common care
Who for a lady's fair
Or brown or duskier hair
    Awhile must sigh,
Ere for his own he hold
The dusk or brown or gold.
My love is set of old
    Afar, on high.

His is but scant desert
Who keeps long faith unhurt,
If but to kiss her skirt
    No fate debar,
If his hand sometime win
Her hand to lie therein.
My love is set within
    On high, afar.

For this is life's best lot,
The love that bates no jot
For one who loves you not,
    While time goes by:
Love with no proof to show,
Vain, and the nobler so.
My love is set to grow
    Afar, on high.

This is life's height supreme,
For love to guess, to dream,
Imagining things that seem
    As things that are.

From "LA PRINCESSE LOINTAINE."

Only the dream will stay,
When dreamless lives decay.
My love is set alway
On high, afar.

J. W. Mackail.

A SONG OF OLD GREEK LOVE STORIES

TRANSLATED FROM THEOCRITUS.

Hippomenês, to win a maiden's grace,
Took apples in both hands and ran his race;
  And Atalanta saw, and straight was wild,
And leaped to love's great river fathomless.

For love Melampus won the great kine free,
And drave from Othrys to the Pylian Sea;
  And in his brother's arms she found her sleep,
Mother most fair of wise Alphesibê.

And while his sheep along the mountain fed,
Adonis, too, to more than madness led
  The beauteous Cytherêa; him she holds
And lets not from her bosom, even dead.

O happy, happy, in his changeless fate
Endymion dreaming! happy, Love, and great
  Iasiôn, who won the mystic joy
That ye shall never learn, unconsecrate!

Gilbert Murray.

HORACE. Ode XXVIII. Lib. I.

(A sailor finds the body of Archytas on the sea-shore.)*

Mariner.

Still must thou haunt the Apulian strand,
  O ghost of the mind that ranged so far!
The spirit that counted the numberless sand,
  That measured the earth, and the tide, and the star.

Little thy profit—since here it lies
  Thy corpse, for the lack of a sprinkling of dust—
In thought to have traversed the earth and the skies;
  Death was in front of thee; Die we must.

He who of yore with the gods fared well;
  And he who could wed an immortal bride;
And that ancient king who is ruling in Hell,
  Minos the lawgiver—all have died.

Even he who was slain on the Trojan field,
  No mean teacher the truth to show,
Who returned to the light and remembered his shield—
  He has gone once more to the shades below.

Now his body and bones in the grave decay,
  Death claims no more; he has taken his flight;
For we all once travel the same dark way,
  And the end that awaits us beyond is Night.

The Wargod joys to see warriors slain;
  The wild wave rolls o'er the mariner's head;
Old and young, in the funeral train
  Throng to the throne of the Queen of the Dead.

---

* There is a wide-spread antique superstition, that the ghost of a dead man can only be laid by the burial of his corpse.

HORACE. Ode XXVIII. Lib. I.

Archytas.

Yes—I too sank in Illyrian waves
  When the south wind raged, and Orion was low;
But, mariner, spare not the rite that saves,
  Scatter a handful, ere hence you go,

O'er my bones unburied and skull that's bare—
  And so, when a storm in the western seas
Shall lash the billows, thou safe mayest fare;
  Venusian forests may lose their trees,

Fear not; for the God, who is just, rewards;
  So may thy freights ride safely home
To the sacred harbour that Neptune loves
  Where Tarentum lies by the white sea-foam.

But if thou disdainfully pass me by,
  With thee and thy sons may the curse abide
That follows to punish impiety
  For laws that are broken, the doom of pride.

If my prayers be in vain they shall work thee woe,
  No penitent vows shall thy soul release;
Tarry a moment, thou soon mayest go,
  Three times cast earth, and depart in peace.

A. C. Lyall.

St. PETER'S, July 22, 1903.

At nightfall down the shadowy corridors
  With torch and chant a long procession passed;
With tramp of armed men on the echoing floors
  In sovereign state the Pope goes forth at last.
Mitred and robed upon his bier he lay,
  The shadow of a wasted human frame,
Ghastly with death's importunate decay;
  While softly from the Julian chapel came
The answering *miserere;*—a faint gleam
  Of tapers lit the vastness, where they lie,
Heirs of the rod of Hildebrand, the dream
  Of Innocent, the Borgia's infamy.
Poor wasted flesh, red-gloved and shod for death,
  To prove how much the gauds of life are worth!
Did States and Kingdoms hang upon his breath,
  Hold those thin lips omnipotent on earth?

In lonely pomp, cut off from love or hate,
  He bore the burden that he did not choose,
The long inheritance of time and fate,
  Till death set free the weary old recluse.
Aloof, he watched the tide of life roll by
  Beyond the tale of man's appointed years,
And as he lived so was he doomed to die
  And lack at last the saving grace of tears.
There lies the pathos! This poor balsamed clod
  Of earth once held a beating human heart.
Your pale ascetic—was he nearer God?
  The chanting dies, the ministrants depart,—

St. PETER'S, July 22, 1903.

A guard at either angle of his bier,
  Behind his head the seven flames in line
They leave him lonely as he lived, austere,
  To night and silence in the vast dim shrine.

Rennell Rodd.

VENILIA.

"*Exspirare rosas, decrescere lilia vidi*". . . . .

(CLAUDIAN)

Along the faint shores of the foamless gulf
I see pale lilies droop, wan roses fall,
And Silence stilling the uplifted wave.

And in the movement of the lifted wave,
And ere the rose fall, or the lily breathe,
Silence becomes a lonely voice, like hers,
Venilia's, who when love was given wings
And far off flight, mourned ceaseless as a dove,
Till bitter Circe made her but a voice
Still lingering as a fragrance in dim woods
When on the grey wind swims the yellow leaf.

William Sharp.

(BEYOND THE ANAPO: SICILY.)

WASTED BEAUTY.

This beauty is vain, this, born to be wasted,
Poured on the ground like water, spilled, and by no man tasted;
This, born to be loved, unloved shall remain
Till in white dust the lovely bones whiten again;
Till, dust in white dust, this high heart shall be still,
It shall desire and its labour be lost, it shall not have its will;
You, armies had met, once, if you turned your head:
Shall there be nothing changed? nothing, when you are dead.

Arthur Symons.

BLOSSOM.

Silently in the night an angel came,
  And breathed a song upon the wintry earth,
And lit within its frozen heart a flame;
  And the divine, still mystery of birth
Crept trembling through the slumberous fields and trees;
  With the first glimmer of the April morn,
    Some wondrous thing and new
Spoke in the whisper of the dawn's cold breeze;
  The awakening world smiled through its tears of dew;—
For in the darkness blossom had been born.

As though the dawn on earth had flung her veil,
  The dew-drenched blossom glistens in the sun;
Softer than snow, and, as a mirage, frail,
  It hangs in blushing films divinely spun.
What silent plotting powers have planned this sight?
  It is as though the never-resting loom
    Of time had ceased to ply;
And the thin web of hours had taken flight
  Before the advent of Eternity,—
As darkness, when the dawn breaks into bloom.

Alas! the vision is a fitful smile
  Upon the changing features of the hour;
Earth toils in travail, beauty is born, awhile
  To shine like flame and wither like a flower.
The fashioned glories of man's hand and brain,
  The living marble, the immortal song,
    The poet's lasting dream,

BLOSSOM.

Rise like the blossom, like the blossom wane,
  And on the moving surface of Time's stream
Their life is neither briefer nor more long.

And sorrow rises at the radiant sight,
  The piteous beauty of fair things that fade,
Till, like a star, one thought consoles the night,
  That from the wealth of God, where worlds are made,
The Treasure-house that nothing can decrease,
  A never-ending tide shall ebb and flow;
        Each note must sound and die,
The eternal symphony shall never cease;
  Divinely made, thought, shape and melody
Shall bloom for ever, like the blossom's snow.

Maurice Baring.

A SONG OF SWEET THINGS THAT HAVE AN END.

"Bird in the branching tree,
  Clasping the airy bough,
What is thy minstrelsy?
  What singest thou?"
"Hark!" said the bird, "I sing
  Of the sunshine and the rain,
And of many a sweet small thing
  That cometh not again."

"Swift from the tree's green heart
  Joyfully leaps the song!
Rare is thy secret art
  So rich and strong!"
"Nay," said the bird, "not so!
  I have no skill, no art;
Only the thanks that flow
  From a full, glad heart."

"Over the still pale streams
  Quivers a single star!
Is it thy hope that gleams
  So fair, so far?"
"Nay," said the bird, "I sing
  Neither of joy nor pain;
Sweet, most sweet is the thing
  That cometh not again."

Arthur Christopher Benson.

BEING HER FRIEND.

Being her friend, I do not care, not I,
How gods or men may wrong me, beat me down;
Her word's sufficient star to travel by,
I count her quiet praise sufficient crown.

Being her friend, I do not covet gold,
Save for a royal gift to give her pleasure;
To sit with her, and have her hand to hold,
Is wealth, I think, surpassing minted treasure.

Being her friend, I only covet art,
A white pure flame to search me as I trace,
In crooked letters on a throbbing heart,
The hymn to beauty written on her face.

John Masefield.

THE MOUNTAIN RAPTURE.

(SONNET.)

Contentment have I known in lowlands green,
A quiet heart by mead and lisping rill,
But joy was with me on the cloven hill,
And in the pass where strife of gods hath been;
Remembrance of that ecstasy terrene
Whence leapt the cataracts; an eternised thrill,
Coeval with the paroxysm that still
Writhes on the countenance of the seared ravine.
These peaks that out of Earth's great passions rose,
Wearing the script of rage, the graven pang,
The adamantine legend of her throes,—
These are her lyric transports! thus she sang,
With wild improvisation,—thus, with clang
Of fiery heavings, throbbed into repose.

William Watson.

OLD MEMORY.

O thought fly to her when the end of day
Awakens an old memory, and say
"Your strength, that is so lofty and fierce and kind
It might call up a new age, calling to mind
The queens that were imagined long ago,
Is but half yours; he kneaded in the dough
Through the long days of youth, and who would have thought
It all and more than it all would came to naught
And that dear words meant nothing?"—but enough,
For when we have blamed the wind we can blame love,
Or, if there needs be more, be nothing said
That had been harsh for children that have strayed.

W. B. Yeats.

THOUGH THE DARK SEAS AND LANDS.

Though the dark seas and lands
  Between us lie
And to mock these out-stretched hands
  Hang mountains high

To-night your voice from home—
  So full, so clear—
Over the gulfs has come
  Gloriously near! . . . . .

Long since, in the desert's heat
  Almost I fell
To find your love at my feet
  Like the desert's well;

Now swifter and more profound
  Than the dawn at sea
Your spirit, like solemn sound,
  Delivers me.

Herbert Trench.

DEATH, THE CHILD.

Once in wrath I reviled
The grey-beard Death
Who grudged me breath;
And Death, from the Tomb of space
Came to my torture-place,
Came and smiled.
O God, and he had the hands, and the face,
The tender limbs, and the slender grace,
And the heart of a child!

Death of the soothing hands,—death of the lily cheek
Thou wilt give us all we have lost, all that we vainly seek!
Strong are the mystic seeds thy fingers hold:
Thou wilt quicken the dead
To white and red,
And green and gold;
And wrinkled passions will burn, and faded visions unfold!
What, though our care-worn lives may bitter and barren be,
Bitter and cold,
Barren and old,
As a wintry sea!
What matter! Thy heart is young, and bold,
Thy wings are wide, and free;
And health, and hope, and wonder are doled
By the hands and heart of thee—
Hope, and wonder; and gleams
Of a glory new;
Rest, and sleep, and dreams,
Dawn and dew,
Till Life, in verity seems

But a mist that a Smile comes through.
What, though thou blind our eyes!
What though our breath thou steal
We know thou art kind and wise
And wound to kindle and heal.
Joy will blossom from sighs,
Woe will vanish in weal!

Once, I gazed on Death, and he looked in my face and smiled;
And happy happy am I, for *he* is a happy child.

Ronald Campbell Macfie.

THE WIND OF ANGUS.*

The grey road whereupon we trod became as holy ground:
The eve was all one voice that breathed its message with no sound:
And burning multitudes pour through my heart, too bright, too
blind,
Too swift and hurried in their flight to leave their tale behind.
Twin gates unto that living world, dark honey coloured eyes
The lifting of whose lashes flushed the face with paradise—
Beloved, there I saw within their ardent rays unfold
The likeness of enraptured birds that flew from deeps of gold
To deeps of gold within my breast to rest, or there to be
Transfigured in the light, or find a death to life in me.
So love, a burning multitude, a seraph wind which blows
From out the deep of being to the deep of being goes:
And sun and moon and starry fires and earth and air and sea
Are creatures from the deep let loose who pause in ecstasy,
Or wing their wild and heavenly way until again they find
The ancient deep and fade therein, enraptured, bright and blind.

A.E.

---

* Note.—Angus is the Eros of Celtic tradition. His messengers to the heart of man or woman are bright birds whose kisses bring love and death.

LOVE AND SORROW.

Love said one morn to Sorrow
"Lend me your robe of grey,
And here is mine so gay:
Please borrow,
And each the other be until to-morrow."

At morn they met and parted:
Each had her own again;
But each a new-felt pain;
Broken-hearted
Love: and Sorrow, broken-hearted.

Love sighed "No more I'll borrow:
I'll never more be glad."
. . . "Can Love be oh so sad,"
Sighed Sorrow:
And so they kissed and parted on that morrow.

But when these lovers parted
God made them seem as one—
"For so My will is done
Among the broken-hearted,"
He said; "O ye who are broken-hearted."

Fiona Macleod.

AN PRÉACHÁN MÓR.

I.

Cá bhfuil na prátaidh do bhi go h-áluinn
  Ag Tadhg a's Pádraig an tráth so indé?
Na prátaidh blasta 's na gais bhreagh' glasa
  Ar iomairibh snasta bhi fás go réidh?
Cad é an sgéal so ar fud na h-Eireann
  Go bhfuilmid tréigthe gan ceart ná Cóir,
Agus toradh na h-Eireann gach lá d'á réabadh
  Ag an éan dubh bréan sin—An Préachán Mór.

II.

Och! d'imthigh a's d'éiligh na prátaidh glégeal'
  Do bhi go séanmhar ar bhárr na cré,
Thug lón a's biadh do'n t-seanóir liath,
  Thug lón a's biadh do'n pháistín féin.
Acht tá siad sgaptha, ithte a's sgartha,
  Pioctha a's lobhtha, a's olc go leór,
Ag an eán dubh bradach tá teacht as Sacsain
  'S gur b' é a ainm an Préachán Mór.

III.

Na croinn gabáiste bhi insan ngáirdín
  Ar chúl na páirce, le h-ais an tighe,
Nach raibh siad millte, briste, sgriosta,
  Goidte, ithte ar feadh na h-oidhch'.
Is mór damáiste mo chuid gabáiste
  Acht is caill na bprátaidh d'fhág mise i mbrón,
Goidte ag gaduidhe tá teacht as Sacsain
  'S gur b' é a ainm an Préachán Mór.

THE PRÉACHÁN MÓR.

IV.

Do bhi mé sínte amuigh san oidhche
  Ag faire siar uaim, a's mé mo luidhe,
Nuair chualas toran ag teacht go h-obann
  A's fuaim a's fothram os cionn an tighe.
Do chaill gach réalt a sholus glégeal,
  Do chaill an ghealach ar fad a glóir,
D' fhéach mé suas—A Mhuire, is truagh!
  Cad é bhi shuas acht an Préachán Mór!

THE PRÉACHÁN MÓR.

I.

Where are the potatoes that were so lovely
  With Teig and Patrick this time yesterday?
The tasty potatoes, and the fine green stalks
  Upon neat ridges, that were growing smoothly.
What is this story throughout Erin
  That we are forsaken without right or due,
And the fruit of Ireland each day being rent
  By that foul black bird the Préachán Mór!

II.

Alas! they have gone and vanished, the bright potatoes
  That were prosperous on the top of the clay,
That gave provision and food to the grey old man,
  That gave provision and food to the child itself.
But they are scattered, eaten and thrown-about,
  Picked and rotted, and very bad,
By the black thieving bird that is coming out of England,
  And sure its name is the Préachán Mór.

THE PRÉACHÁN MÓR.

III.

The heads of cabbage that were in the garden
  At the back of the field beside the house,
Were they not ruined, broken, destroyed,
  Stolen, eaten, throughout the night.
Great is the damage of my share of kale,
  But it is the loss of the potatoes that has left me in grief,
Stolen by a robber coming out from England,
  And sure his name is the Préachán Mór.

IV.

I was stretched outside in the night
  Looking westward from me, and I lying down,
When I heard the noise coming of a sudden,
  And the sound and the whirl above the house:
Every star lost its bright light,
  The moon lost entirely its glory,
I looked up—O Mary, mercy!
  What was overhead but the Préachán Mór!

Douglas Hyde.

SONNET IMITÉ DE L'ITALIEN.

L'Alcyon se lamente et l'Océan fait rage.
Ah ! Comme mon vaisseau marche sinistrement,
Seul, battu sans repos par le mugissement
De l'eau qui l'enveloppe et l'éclair de l'orage !

Mes Souvenirs en pleurs contemplent le rivage
Qui va s'évanouir dans un si court moment ;
Et mes Espoirs, bien las d'aller toujours ramant,
Penchent sur l'aviron leur désolé visage.

Mais là haut, défiant et le ciel et la mer,
Mon Génie est debout qui mêle ce cri fier
Au sifflement du vent dans les cordes serrées :

—"En Avant ! En Avant ! Ce brouillard c'est le port,
"Le port sûr de l'oubli, troupes désesperées,
"Et ce point blanc, l'écueil souhaité de la Mort !"

Paul Bourget.

IN THE TRAIN.

Comrade and Queen whose happy eyes portend
What means at once a woman and a friend,
Clear wells at which remorse his thirst may slake
And love your lesser sisters for your sake—
I will not wish the slumbering eyes awake.
Dream, as my spirit dreams of yours and feels
For music in the roaring of the wheels
And like some lark from yonder sunlit west
Falls ever singing still and nears the nest
To which all fervours and not less belong
All pauses and all silences of song. *Armine T. Kent.*

MARI MAGNO.

Dormi futuræ præsidium rei
Nec nunc ocellos intuear tuos
  Qui sæpe me sontem monebant
    Ne faciles sequerer puellas.
Hæc dedocebas attamen et simul
Dudum erudivit me bonitas tua
  Ne festa non norim tibique
    Dissimiles quererer sorores.
Dormi sonoro dum meditor salo
Jurisque reddunt somnia me tui
  Securus antennæ labanti
    Crandine et increpitante vento,
His instrepentem qualiter æstubus
Longe peracto nox revocet mari
  Mergum fatigatumque caris
    Jusserit obticuisse plumis.

1903. Sept. 23. *Armine T. Kent.*

AMONG THE LILIES—A SONNET IN A.

April and maidenhood and happiness!
Ah, child, what an ambrosia of sweet things!
April, the young year's prodigal undress;
Arch maidenhood, a bird with wild white wings;
And happiness, which Angels envy Earth.
A girl you stood there in the soft west breeze
Among your own Lent lilies, Spring's best birth.
Arrayed in glory, even as one of these.
All Earth and Heaven loved you for its pleasure;
All fortune, all renown, the wise, the free
Appraised you as the old World's latest treasure,
A glorious new woman yet to be.
And I, who watched you, read in your wide eyes
Answer to hope, my dream of destinies.

Wilfrid Scawen Blunt.

VICE VERSÂ.

(TO MY DAUGHTER.)

If buttercups were white and pink
  And roses green and blue,
Then you instead of me could think
  And I instead of you.

Then I could daily give your doll
  Her early evening tub,
While you in easy-chairs could loll
  At some or other club.

Then I could spell *p-i-g pidge*,
  And learn to sew like nurse,
While you could take a hand at Bridge
  And murmur "Zooks!", or worse.

O it would be as fresh a sight
  As ever yet was seen,
If buttercups were pink and white
  And roses blue and green.

Henry Newbolt.

THE NOVEL.

When by efforts literary you might scale the summits airy
  Which the eminent in fiction are ascending every day,
Why obscurely crawl and grovel?—I will write (I said) a Novel!
  So I started and I planned it in the ordinary way.

I'd a Heroine—a creature of resplendent form and feature,
  With a spell in every motion and a charm in every look:
I'd a Villain—worse than Nero,—I'd a most superior Hero:
  And a host of minor persons who are needed in a book:

Each was drawn from observation: yet was each a pure creation
  Which revealed at once the genius of originating mind:
Not a man and not a woman but combined the Broadly Human
  With a something quite peculiar of an interesting kind:

What a wealth of meaning inner in the things they said at dinner!
  How their conversation sparkled (like the ripples on the deep),
Half disclosing, half concealing a Profundity of Feeling
  Which would move the gay to laughter and incite the grave
    to weep!

There they stood in grace and vigour, each imaginary figure,
  Each a masterpiece of drawing for the world to wonder at:
There was really nothing more I had to find but just the story,
  Nothing more, but just the story—but I couldn't think of that.

Yet (I cried), in other writers, how the lovers and the fighters
  Are conducted through the mazes of a complicated plan,—
How the incidents are planted just precisely where they're wanted—
  How the man invites the moment, and the moment finds the
    man!

THE NOVEL.

How a Barrie or a Kipling guides the maiden and the stripling
  Till they're ultimately landed in the matrimonial state,—
And they die, or else they marry (in a Kipling or a Barrie)
  Just as if the thing was ordered by unalterable Fate,—

While with me, alas! to balance my innumerable talents,
  There's a fatal imperfection and a melancholy blot:
All the forms of my creating stand continually awaiting
  For a charitable person to provide them with a Plot!

Still I put the endless query why I wander lone and dreary
  (Barred from Eden like the Peri) minus fame and minus fee,
While the idols of the masses (though comparatively asses)
  Have an entreé to Parnassus which is wholly closed to me!

A. D. Godley.

"THE QUEEN O' SPAIN AND THE BAULD McLEAN."

A BALLAD OF THE SOUND OF MULL.

The Queen o' Spain had an ill gude-man.
  The carle was auld and grey.
She has keeked in the glass at Hallow-een
  A better chance to spae.

She's kaimit out her lang black hair,
  That fell below her knee.
She's ta'en the apple in her hand,
  To see what she might see.

Then first she saw her ain fair face,
  And then the glass grew white,
And syne as black as the mouth o' Hell,
  Or the sky on a winter night.

But last she saw the bonniest man
  That ever her eyes had seen,
His hair was gold, and his eyes were grey,
  And his plaid was red and green.

"Oh! the Spanish men are unco black
  And unco blate," she said;
"And they wear their mantles swart and side,
  No the bonny green and red."

"Oh! where shall *I* find sic a man?
  That is the man for me!"
She has filled a ship wi' the gude red gold,
  And she has ta'en the sea.

"THE QUEEN O' SPAIN AND THE BAULD McLEAN."

And she's sailed west and she's sailed east,
  And mony a man she's seen;
But never the man wi' the hair o' gold,
  And the plaid o' red and green.

And she's sailed east and she's sailed west,
  Till she cam' to a narrow sea,
The water ran like a river in spate,
  And the hills were wondrous hie.

And there she spied a bonny bay,
  And houses on the strand,
And there the man in the green and red
  Came rowing frae the land.

Says "Ye're welcome here, ye bonny lass,
  Ye're welcome here for me.
Are ye the Lady o' merry Elfland,
  Or the Queen o' some far countrie?"

"I'm not the Lady o' fair Elfland,
  But I am the Queen o' Spain."
He's lowted low, and kissed her hand,
  Says "They ca' me the McLean!"

"Then it's a' for the aefold love o' thee
  That I hae sailed the faem"
"But, out and alas!" he has answered her,
  "For I hae a wife at hame."

"THE QUEEN O' SPAIN AND THE BAULD McLEAN."

"Ye shall cast her into a massymore,
  Or away on a tide-swept isle;"
"But, out and alas!" he's answered her,
  "For my wife's o' the bluid o' Argyll!"

Oh! they twa sat, and they twa grat,
  And made their weary maen,
Till McLean has ridden to Dowart Castle,
  And left the Queen her lane.

His wife was a Campbell, fair and fause,
  Says "Hector, where hae ye been?"
Oh! I hae been at Tobermory,
  And kissed the hand o' a Queen!"

"Oh! we maun send the Queen a stag,
  And grouse for her propine,
And we'll send her a cask o' the usquebaugh,
  And a butt o' the red French wine!"

She has put a bomb in the clairet butt,
  And eke a burning lowe,
She has sent them away wi' her little foot-page
  That cam' frae the black Lochow.

. . . . . .

Next morn McLean rade forth to see
  The last blink o' his Queen,
There stude her ship in the harbour fair
  Upon the water green.

"THE QUEEN O' SPAIN AND THE BAULD McLEAN."

But there cam' a crash like a thunder-clap,
  And a cloud on the water green.
The bonny ship in flinders flew,
  And drooned was the bonny Queen.

McLean he speirit nor gude nor bad,
  His skian dubh he's ta'en,
And he's cuttit the throat o' that fause foot-page,
  And sundered his white hausebane.

Andrew Lang.

THE STONES OF STANTON DREW.*

The priest hath tied the wedding knot,
  The wedding troth is plighted;
The wedding ring the groom did bring
  Is placed, and all is righted.

And one and all, both great and small,
  The guests in long procession,
Across the floor and through the door
  Have passed in due succession.

The supper's set, the guests are met
  To feast and toast the wedding;
To drink and laugh and bumpers quaff
  And dance till time for bedding.

The priest and clerk are bid thereto;
  Full glad, I ween, and jolly;
It's little harm till Sabbath dawn
  To lend an hour to folly.

The barn lies hard by the Churchyard
  With many a mouldy mound, O;
In rank and row the graves do go,
  Their shadows on the ground, O!

They've drunk the health and weal and wealth
  Of bride and bridegroom fairly;
And wished them joy and many a boy
  And children late and early.

---

* At Stanton Drew, in Somerset, is a circle of stones about which this legend lives among the people.

Then rose the groom and down the room,
  And cried "Strike up a measure,
Ye pipers up! We'll leave the cup
  For the dance and the dancers' pleasure."

The evening wind blew in behind;
  They flung the windows higher;
But down the West the sky's unrest
  Waxed ever nigh and nigher.

Right mirthful grew that wedding crew
  With the dance and the glance unstinted;
In reel and round to the merry sound
  Flew their feet, and the wine cup glinted.

But aye the West with sore unrest
  Kept speeding wrack, and strewing
From far and near, beyond the mere,
  Dead leaves—a devil's brewing.

The wind it blew; the wrack it flew;
  The night grew mirk and reeling.
From belfry tower the earliest hour
  Of Sabbath morn came pealing.

"Not yet, Sir Priest! Our Marriage feast
  Is but at its beginning.
You shall not go, by our Lady no!
  An hour more's little sinning."

"Ho! pipers stay; so soon away!
  You'll mar our wedding revel;
But, an you will, we'll dance our fill
  To the Music of the Devil."

"We may not stay; the holy day
  Has dawned, when every Mortal,
Should bow the head to Him who bled,
  Within God's holy portal."

They stormed and swore, and to the door
  They beat and thrust those players;
While down the room flung that bridegroom,
  "Hell's curse upon all prayers"

"Ho! fiddler in the corner there,
  With fiddle dumb and idle,
Ho! fiddler, strike a merry air
  And we'll on with our bridal."

No word he said, no answer made,
  And known to none was he, O;
But he undid a yew box lid,
  And turned his fiddle's key, O.

His fiddle-bow was made, I trow,
  Of a thigh bone, gleaming eerily,
But he struck the string with a merry ring,
  And his music sounded cheerily.

Loud laughed the crew; and reckless grew
  Their madness for the frolic;
About, about, in reel and rout
  They swept in furious rollick.

"Ne'er heed the time, nor hear the chime,
  In the midst of this proud pleasure;
Until this night we had no delight
  In the music or the measure."

"Play up, play on, brave fiddler play!
  Was ever fiddler braver?
Play on, play up! Who fears the day,
  Or the Priest and his palaver?"

And fast and faster flew the sound;
  More furious, more flurried;
And round and round as in a swound
  The wedding guests were hurried.

And round and round to his mad sound
  The phantom fiddler sped them;
Across the floor and through the door
  And o'er the wall he led them.

Where dead are laid their steps he stayed
  And then, from out their middle,
With a shriek, alone, on a high tomb-stone,
  Sprang the demon and his fiddle.

THE STONES OF STANTON DREW.

"Oh stay, Oh! stay. Nay! Cease to play,
  Thou phantom fiddler evil;
Our limbs are bound to thy fell sound;
  Great God! Art thou the Devil?"

"Dance all as one till ye be done,"
  The fiddler mocked; and never
Grew slack or slow his fiendish bow,
  "Ye now are mine for ever!"

And all that night in a wild afright
  The neighbours heard the thunder;
The lightening flame it went and came;
  But this wrought greater wonder,

That high and drear and shrill and clear
  Above the storm and rattle,
A phantom note did rise and float
  And scared the trembling cattle!

But with the day it died away;
  In place of happy lovers,
Upon the green were to be seen
  These stones the grey moss covers.

Horatio Brown.

THE BALLYBEGS INN;

A MORAL TALE.

O'Shaugnessy Flanagan Demolyns Flynn,
With Aurora his wife kept the Ballybegs Inn.
Mat was one waiter, and Ted was the other,
For both Teddy and Mat was O'Shaugnessy's brother,
Of sisters he'd nine, and some fifty-two cousins,
And his nephews and nieces were reckoned by dozens.
They all came to see him whatever their rank,
While his grandfather's money sat safe in the bank,
"You're as welcome as life to the Ballybegs Inn,"
Said O'Shaugnessy Flanagan Demolyns Flynn.

"O'Shaugnessy Flanagan Demolyns Flynn,"
Said Aurora his wife, "We've an elegant inn,
Why should'nt we trate the whole parish?" said she,
"'Tis the wish of me heart, me own treasure!" said he.
So the parish was bid to a scrumptious feast,
With lashin's and lavin's for man and for beast,
And the work was cut out for Mat, Ted, and the cousins,
For the bottles of whiskey were opened by dozens.
"Don't spare for your life, I beseech, at me inn!"
Said O'Shaugnessy Flanagan Demolyns Flynn.

O'Shaugnessy Flanagan Demolyns Flynn,
For a year and a half kept that Ballybegs Inn.
Of junkets and feasts there was never an end,
For every sowl in the place called him friend,
And of meetings, and speechings, and screechings a lot,
With confabulations, and the divil knows what,

THE BALLYBEGS INN;

A MORAL TALE.

For a Leader of Erin was one of his cousins,
So the patriot gentry would come there by dozens.
Yet the more of such doings there were at his inn
The poorer grew O'Shaughnessy Flanagan Flynn.

Till at last said O'Shaugnessy Flanagan Flynn
"'Tis the deuce of a business this keeping an inn,
Not a haporth is left of me grandfather's gold,
And the most of me furniture's all of it sold,
And I've borrowed and spint till I have'nt a whack,
And the polis' I'm told have been put on me track,
Be me grandfather's sowl ye's have ruined me quite,
And Aurora and me must skiddaddle this night!
So that is the end of the Ballybegs Inn,"
Said O'Shaugnessy Flanagan Demolyns Flynn.

Emily Lawless.

MAKE-BELIEVE.

The joyous land of Make-believe
  Is more than half the way to Heaven,
No mortal chance can greatly grieve
  Its wise inhabitant of seven:

But we, alas! though children yet,
  Our make-believe is sadly spoken,
Our maddest play is half regret,
  Our fondest toys are easy broken!

Crewe.

SECRECY.

Laughter is sacred, secret, unalloyed,
The dark irrational gaiety of things—
The boyish valour of the world that swings
The stars exultant in a sickening void.

They say he never laughed, whose anguish deep
Redeemed us on the Mountain of the Skull
Who over Salem, neither being dull
Nor cowardly, was man enough to weep.

Grief grows like grass: nor need he, though he can,
With sudden pity make a pompous strife:
Death is so plain upon the face of life
Tears may be plain upon the face of man.

But mirth is sacred: when from all his own
He sundered, going up a mount to pray,
Under the terrible stars in stern array,
Upon that lonely peak, he laughed alone.

G. K. Chesterton.

ASTRONOMY.

The Wain upon the northern steep
  Descends and lifts away.
Oh I will sit me down and weep
  For bones in Africa.

For pay and medals, name and rank,
  Things that he has not found,
He hove the Cross to heaven and sank
  The pole-star underground.

And now he does not even see
  Signs of the nadir roll
At night over the ground where he
  Is buried with the pole.

A. E. Housman.

THE PORTRAIT OF A GRANDFATHER.

With mild eyes agaze, and lips ready to speak,
Whereon the yearning of love, the warning of wisdom plays,
One portrait ever charms me and teaches me when I seek:
  It is of him whom I, remembering my young days,
Imagine fathering my father; when he, in sonship afore,
Liv'd honouring and obeying the eyes now pictur'd agaze,
  The lips ready to speak, that promise but speak no more.

O high parental claim, that were not but for the knowing,
O fateful bond of duty, O more than body that bore,
  The smile that guides me to right, the gaze that follows my [going,
How had I stray'd without thee! and yet how few will seek
The spirit-hands, that heaven, in tender-free bestowing,
  Holds to her children, to guide the wandering and aid the weak.

And Thee! ah what of thee? thou lover of men, if truly
A painter had stell'd thee there, with thy lips ready to speak,
  In all-fathering passion to souls enchanted newly,
—Tenderer call than of sire to son, or of lover to maiden,—
Ever ready to speak to us, if we will hearken duly,
  "Come, O come unto me, ye weary and heavy-laden!"

Robert Bridges.

A LANDSCAPE.

The stag that lifted up his kingly head
Upon the silent mountains, and from far
Beneath him heard the confident harsh cry
Of men invading his old solitudes,
Then bounding over the rough slopes has climbed
By dancing brooks remoter ranges, thick
With forests moaning in the cloudy winds
Of desolate November, nor has stayed
Till on the utmost craggy ledge, among
Wet boughs, with antlers dripping from the mist
And with sweat-darkened quivering coat he snuffs
Wide-nostrilled the wild air, where motionless
He stands at last; what shudder as of joy
Deeply to breathe that native loneliness
Possesses him! From reddened oaks around
Lost leaves are torn innumerably and whirled,
Fast as from hearts of men their fearful hopes,
Into the drizzling gulf; he hears beyond
From cliffs that dimly tower in abrupt
Strange precipices, the world-ancient roar
Of headlong torrents: now the vapour rolls
Blank over all, now rending it a gust
Reveals by golden glimpses the pale stream
Poured in a trembling pillar, at whose foot
The snowy seethe shoots forward and recoils
For one tumultuous moment, then again
Arches into one pure unfretted wave
And sends a voice in splendour down the gorge.

Laurence Binyon.

THE KING.

There dwelt a king in the land
And his eyes were heavy and deep
With sorrow that knew not sleep;
And freed from his powerless hand
His sceptre slipped, and behold
His crown with its gems and gold
Lay buried in dust and sand,
And his heart was a fire unfanned;
And his soul was a thing grown old.

He gazed on the land and sighed
For wrath of a people who said :—
"Even as a corpse long dead
Is our king," and on every side
Disease and madness and woe
Paced hungrily to and fro
And famine with fear allied
Drew near if any man cried
And smote him and laid him low.

"There are tears below" said the King,
"Crime reigns with his parent fear,
Would God, would God, I were there—
My sword from its sheath should spring
I would clothe myself with the morn
And those who hate me and scorn
Should praise and the whole land sing
With joy at my conquering
And rejoice in its strength new born."

THE KING.

But a woman sat at his feet
And wound about him a chain—
And the strength of his will was vain
And barren—"Oh fingers sweet"
Said the King "which bind me and wreathe
If I broke from thee, love, all my breath
Would fail, overwhelmed, incomplete
I should be, without life, without heat."
For he knew not the woman was Death.

Margaret Sackville.

THE WORLD'S FAILURE.

Before the mystery and the cult of sin,
Eternal sorrow and eternal toil
In old, unhallowed dens and mouldering streets,
Or model tenements and haunts of woe,
Can any hopeful thing be said or sung?

Somewhere delighted larks, forestalling day,
Ascend and garland heaven with flower and fruit,
Enwreathe and overrun the shining air,
When darkness crumbles from the firmament,
With fresco, fantasy and arabesque
Of splendid sound; but here the iron heavens
Ring to the factory-whistle, here the dawn,
All overgrown and quenched in creeping smoke,
Decays unseen. Here each promoter's face,
Employer's, owner's, broker's, merchant's, mean
As any eunuch's and as evil, tells
How souls unsexed by business come to love
Elaborate torture and the sullen joy
Of coining men and women into wealth.
But somewhere trumpets sound and gallant Knights
Fight to the death to win a lady's smile;
Somewhere a gentle voice, a tender hand
Console the anguished offal of the world;
Somewhere with breaking heart a poet sings;
Somewhere a woman loves a worthless man.

This is the earth, the thing we know and hate,
The torture-chamber of the universe,
Wherein the entangled spirit, torn and shred,
And quickened to endure intenser pangs

THE WORLD'S FAILURE.

With every pulse and interval of time,
Expects deliverance only when the sun
Reclaims our mundane fragment, to be purged
Of failure and the memory of men
In tides and tempests of millennial fire.
Yet here the nightingale throughout the night
Will sing enraptured, while the beating stars
Attend; and here a boy and girl will watch
The pallid moon with earnest looks and eyes
Of infinite appeal! Does God somewhere
Behold it all and know it to be good?

John Davidson.

THE UNKNOWN GOD.

One of the crowd went up,
And knelt before the Paten and the Cup,
Received the Lord, returned in peace, and prayed
Close to my side; then in my heart I said:

"Oh Christ in this man's life—
This stranger who is Thine—in all his strife,
All his felicity, his good and ill,
In the assaulted stronghold of his will,

"I do confess Thee here,
Alive within this life; I know Thee near
Within this lonely conscience, closed away
Within this brother's solitary day.

"Christ in his unknown heart,
His intellect unknown—this love, this art,
This battle and this peace, this destiny
That I shall never know, look upon me!

"Christ in his numbered breath,
Christ in his beating heart and in his death,
Christ in his mystery! From that secret place
And from that separate dwelling, give me grace."

Alice Meynell.

A SONNET OF SUNRISE

TRANSLATED

FROM A COLLECTION OF PROTESTANT HYMNS

Entitled—

"Chansons Spirituelles à l'honneur et louange de Dieu et à l'edification du prochain."

A.D. 1619.

Even now the veil of night
Falls a little from her face,
And the stars are giving place
To the sun's succeeding might.

Up, my heart, take your delight
Singing loudly for the praise
Of the Lord who by His grace
Ordereth all times aright.

Lord! who makest this Thy sun,
Fair past all comparison,
Shine for good and evil eyes,

Lighten our dark souls that they
May with gladness find the way
To their palace in the skies.

George Wyndham. 1891.

St. MONICA.

At the Cross thy station keeping
With the mournful mother weeping,
Thou unto the sinless Son
Weepest for thy sinful one.
Blood and water from His side
Gush; in thee the streams divide:
From thine eyes the one doth start,
But the other from thy heart!

Mary for thy sinner, see,
To her Sinless mourns with thee:
Could that Son the son not heed,
For whom two such mothers plead?
So thy child had baptism twice,
And the whitest from thine eyes!

The floods lift up, lift up their voice,
With a many-watered noise!
Down the centuries fall those sweet
Sobbing waters to our feet,
And our laden air still keeps
Murmur of a Saint that weeps.

Teach us but, to grace our prayers,
Such divinity of tears,—
Earth should be lustrate again
With contrition of that rain:—
Till celestial floods o'errise
The high tops of Paradise!

Francis Thompson.

TWO OLIVE TREES.

(AN ANCIENT LEGEND.)

It once befel:—
An anchorite
Planted an olive tree within a sandy rut,
Hard by his lonely hut,
Deeming it should become a fair and green delight
To please him well;
So prayed for rain to make the young tree grow.
And lo!
Fast, as replying, dropt the bounteous rain.
Thereat, again
He prayed, craving that sunshine might the frail buds kiss,
And soon the sun, for answer given to this,
From out the gathered clouds appeared.
Still, for the tree the good man ever feared;
A feeble head it reared,
And, wan and pale,
Each day more sadly seemed to ail.

Then begged the hermit yet a further boon,
And asked such hardening hoar-frost as should come
Till the soft buds be moulded strong though numb.
Nor was denied.
The white frost came and decked the verdure soon,
But sickly, and more sickly, bent the little tree.
In sorrow then, with breaking heart, out-cried
The anchorite, and last
For one sweet breath of south wind pleaded he.
The south wind on her gentle pinions pass'd,

Breathing her tenderest at warm eventide;
And yet, alas! and yet,
Ere that again the crimson sun had set,
The sapling drooped and died.

. . . . . .

It thus befel:—
The anchorite
Went forth upon some later day
To seek a brother hermit in his solitude,
And there, beside that friendly cell,
He viewed,
Surprised, a lovely tree—an olive—making sweet delight
With shoot on shoot
Spread wide—a welcome tent beneath the burning sky,
A shield, a fence against each windy gust
Or storm of parching dust,
A verdant bower the desert-plain hard by.
Then, as he gazed,
Amazed,
He questioned: "How came this thy tree
To grow so strong, and now so goodly be?
How was it nourished? Didst thou pray
For rain, or breeze, or sunshine, day by day?"

"Nay," quoth the other, "God knows best.
I framed no special prayer.
Content, within His all-wise care
I placed my tree, and left to Him the rest."

Blanche Lindsay.

PENSÉE.

La vertu purificatrice de l'aveu depend de la qualité de l'âme qui le fait et de celle de l'âme qui la reçoit. L'équilibre établi tous les aveux élèvent le niveau du bonheur et de l'amour. Dès qu'elles sont confessées, les fautes les plus graves se changent en ornements inattendus, et, comme de belles statues dans un parc, deviennent les témoins souriants et les preuves paisibles de la clarté du jour.—

Maurice Maeterlinck.

ENVOI.

Go, little Book, with God to speed
For pity's sake the cause you plead!
And if to have a gentle heart
Amend whate'er you miss of art,
Haply a few herein shall trace
Somewhat of Master Chaucer's grace
And crown with meed of fair largesse
This later *Boke of the Duchesse.*

Owen Seaman.